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EXTRACTS

FROM AN ARCTICK NAVIGATOR'S JOURNAL.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I THANK you for the attention bestowed on my Portfolio, and am happy to administer food to the reigning curiosity of the publick, by communicating some intelligence from Spitzbergen, which the fortunate rencontre of an American vessel, with one of our ships on the northern voyage of discovery enabled me to receive. My friend, who has the honour of belonging to one of those philosophical crews, writes thus ;

“ Knowing that your profession gives you taste for the civil institutions rather than the natural history of other kingdoms, I shall trouble you with a very few seamen-like references to our soundings and surveys before we touched this frightful coast. Between 22 deg. 40 min. E. longitude, and 77 deg. 51 sec. N. latitude, we saw an enormous iceberg, or floating field of ice, approaching, which induced our ship to take refuge in a cove so spaci-ously and securely sheltered with broad rocks as to promise us a kind of rest. Two or three of us were permitted to go on shore ; and if the

intense chill and the thick white fog which usually precede an ice-island had not deadened our feelings and our sight, we might have observed with philosophical precision the progress of this monstrous mass, bristled with stony fragments and trunks of trees. The aspect of the bleached coast where I and my two companions landed, was such as superstitious mariners ascribe to the dead-man's Isle of Desolation ; but we had wallets well-filled, strong spears, fire-arms, and good fur cloaks. The shore presented a range of columns with a sort of pediment hanging over them, resembling in a gigantick proportion those of Staffa. While one of my companions endeavoured to take notes of their bulk and height, the youngest and most active spied an opening of such extent and depth as to justify a Scotch speculation that there are habitable regions in the centre of the earth. And if we had doubted that this interior recess was inhabited, we should have been convinced by the sight of an eagle carrying a dead child to its eyrie. We took courage, or I might say hope, to find some hospitable crea-

tures of our own species ; and provided with a few torches of bituminous matter, entered this natural archway. It led us, according to our best calculation, nearly two hundred yards ; and both our courage and curiosity would have failed, had not a creature like the squirrel-ape of Asia suddenly appeared, and frisked before us. We were surprised to see an animal whose delicate form and elegant colours have been pronounced by naturalists peculiar to torrid climates, in a region so gloomy and desolate. But while we were deliberating on the prudence of returning, its familiar pranks seemed to promise the vicinity of man, and the scarlet streaks on its silvery back guided us onward when our torches began to fail. A few flickerings of the Aurora Borealis, seen beautifully at the end of this very long and dark avenue, encouraged us still more to go onwards, as our retreat seemed straight and secure. We reached the outlet at last, and saw, with such delight as you may well conceive, a plain about a mile in diameter, fenced on all sides by a kind of natural wall, formed by perpendicular steeps, whose summits, white and shining with indissoluble snow, served to reflect and multiply the glorious lights of the north pole. Their bases were green, with shrubs and fruit trees, which grew in this warm recess, sheltered from the keenness of arctick winds, and beautified by a throng of the silver butterflies peculiar to these regions. In the centre we found a hamlet, or cluster of houses, built of the whale's ribs, with sufficient strength and symmetry ; and our arrival was welcomed by a groupe of persons, whose fair complexion and English features were most interesting to our national feelings. We might have expected blue eyes and silken hair in this polar circle ; but unless we had remembered the

Welsh tradition of Prince Madoc's emigration to North America, we could not have hoped to meet kindred countenances. We expressed our pacifick intentions by those gestures which are understood in all nations, and these people graciously answered us by tying down the topmost branches of a fir-tree towards the ground ; but you will hardly conceive my surprise and regret when we found them *dumb* ; however, they shewed us tablets of stone, bequeathed to them, as far as we could understand their pantomime shew, by the first founder of their colony. Dr. Caconous, my learned companion, assured me that the characters resembled the most ancient Greek, and were a part of our own Septuagint translation of the sacred Book. This and various testimonies of their hospitality induced us to send back one of our party to the cove where the ship remained, there to notify our adventure. Our deputy returned with information that our stay must not exceed forty-eight hours, as the circular recess we had thus discovered in the bosom of the ice promised no farther inlet into this desolate country, and our voyage could not be longer delayed. Believe me, my dear friend, for you know my physiological zeal, I employed these hours most assiduously ; and as circumstances must be reserved till I write in a warmer climate, you must content yourself with such extracts from my journal as relate to important facts.

The amusements of this singular people bear a very remarkable affinity to ours : an affinity which proves, notwithstanding the opinions of Messrs. Buffon, De Luc, and Cuvier, that language is by no means a necessary conveyance and accompaniment of social feeling. For during our short stay there, we witnessed what was considered a festive meeting, to which all the

members of this colony (called by our learned friend the Neonousites) were summoned by our conductor, the ape beforementioned, who seemed instructed to act the part of master of the ceremonies. And here it is proper to observe, for the information of naturalists, that his surface or skin, which had first attracted us by its dazzling colours, was embellished by paint, as indeed were the faces of all our new acquaintances. The male inhabitants, for we saw no difference in attire or manner in any, wore broad and rigid belts made of the whale's integuments, and cassocks of bear's skin; but we, being aware of the intended festivity, obtained from our ship a supply of bonnets with abundant feathers for the gentlemen, and sundry long skirts richly brocaded for the ladies; I grieve for the honour of our sex to add, the former chose the largest half. The assembly met in three apartments constructed round one of the hot-wells, or boiling springs as naturalists call them; and we learned from these people's written institute, that the whole pleasure and business of the assembly consisted in striving how to increase and endure the intolerable heat. It is true there were several erections of green sod, and I could not avoid admiring with what ingenuity these colonists have taught certain black foxes, and an equal number of elegantly shaped creatures called amicas, or fair marmosetts as we name them in Asia, to throw pieces of spotted shells at each other for the amusement of the spectators. And dances very much resembling our European waltzes and quadrilles were performed by the black beavers and young moose-deer, whose slow gait and fantastical bounds were often pleasantly contrasted; and well exemplified the thought of that wise ambassador, who asked, when he saw our dan-

ces, if we had no servants or tame animals to perform such labours for us. But the most remarkable particular, and the most strikingly similar to English society, was, that all the rational animals being dumb, the abovementioned foxes and marmosetts were instructed to make an agreeable and constant murmur, which marvellously resembled the indistinct congregation of sounds heard at a metropolitan fête. I must not omit to add, that this murmur or buz was most marked when two or three birds placed there on purpose began to sing or scream. They seemed to be birds of the gull species.

But another circumstance claimed peculiar notice from us, as philosophers no less intent on moral than physical discoveries. This colony of Neonousites has schools for the instruction of females, but you will start to hear that young children are employed to give lessons to the old. In this remote region, probably because the aged are supposed to lose their faculties in these stupifying and incessant frosts, the young employ themselves in tutoring and disciplining their parents. Those unhappy creatures who have offspring labour unremittingly in sawing fir and striving to rear fruits or harvests, whilst their children spend fifteen or sixteen years in learning how to slide down a hill of ice with feathers on their heads and empty shells in their hands. Yet there is one particular which manifests some discretion and decorum. Their most beautiful females always sit within a door guarded by a tough thick web, which, when taken out, resembles a leathern purse. And they have also a door with hinges like the valves of an oyster or muscle, which opens and shuts if the metal which touches it is magnetick. I request you to communicate this fact to the members of our college, and urge them to consider its re-

semblance to what we know of the great South American spider, so celebrated for the strength of its nets. Their marriages are whimsically metaphorical. The bride stands on a pyramid of snow, and the bridegroom on one of smoking ashes. If the melting of the snow quenches the heat, or if the embers cease to burn before the snow dissolves, the omen is considered unprosperous. But if they decrease in the same proportion, it is an augury of happiness;* and as both parties are dumb, I suppose there are no provisions for alimony or separate maintenance. Courtships for the same reason are managed with becoming brevity, and not much deception; but I specially admired the allotment of time for weeping at a funeral. It lasts precisely as long as the mourner can count a hundred pieces of copper coin into his purse.

Being dumb, you will easily suppose, no lawyers are requisite; but the profession flourishes notwithstanding this obstacle. If any person considers himself robbed or aggrieved, he applies to one or two persons called the civilians of this colony; and as eloquence is unknown here, a blind fox is brought into their court of justice, and that advocate is deemed most skilful who can make him drink through the longest straw. Another and apter way of deciding a suit is this. The judge drops two oysters on the heads of the plaintiff and defendant, and he whose head is hard enough to crack the shell, is pronounced victorious. But if the case is not decided in twelve months, the parties' attornies are publicly whipped—a practice which might be useful in

Europe. The same chastisement is inflicted on physicians when their patients die. One of the rarest and most pleasant peculiarities among these people is, that they never absolutely die. The funeral ceremonies are performed during a man's last illness, that he may enjoy the pomp of these honours; but he is not interred, and his physicians, when the breath of life has forsaken him, perform certain operations similar to our galvanick battery, and excite the muscular system so powerfully, that though the intellectual spirit is gone, he is fully capable of the employments most usual here. I do not find that they take this trouble with their wives when defunct; but as the petrifying power of this keen air acts splendidly on the lifeless frame, their deceased beauties are soon converted into statues, which are speedily attired in feathers and cockle-shells, and, being duly painted, fill their former places in publick assemblies with great effect, and can hardly be distinguished from the living.

Their household arrangements deserve attention and imitation even in Europe. Knowing the fatigue of regulating human domesticks by precept or example, they have availed themselves of that surprising instinct which may be called *reason without will* in animals. Therefore they employ the large shaggy dog peculiar to northern lands as their porter and errand-carrier; and his fidelity far surpasses any biped's employed in that capacity. The beaver, so skilled in heaping up or carrying timber, is their ordinary household drudge; and as fish is the principal article of their diet, a number of tame pelicans act as clerks of the kitchen. It is really admirable to observe with what quietness and expedition these purveyors perform their duty, and sometimes rob each other's pouches with an alacrity altogether human.

* This seems a relick of the Jewish tradition, that a wife's proper Hebrew name signifies *water*, and her husband's *fire*.

As the custom I am going to mention is not much unlike one which now prevails in civilized nations, you will not refuse to believe that mothers in this colony abandon their offspring in their infancy and childhood. They employ a set of sleek handsome animals, of the tiger-cat or hyæna species, to nurse and rear their children during the first six or seven years; an office which they are apt to execute with all the capricious cruelty of their nature; but the parents have an idea, that as human creatures are sure to deserve chastisement in some part of their lives, it is wisest and most safe to give them an ample sufficiency at first. Notwithstanding the ungracious habits and unkindness of their nurses, these children acquire all their subtle instincts, and especially a remarkable fondness for dress; as one of the whims of this colony is to equip its domestick animals in the utmost finery; and we were highly amused when we were waited upon at dinner by a white bear in a coat and hat which we had given his master; and saw the pelican-cook strutting in a bonnet of the French shape, which concealed its long beak and large pouch admirably.

Their meals are regularly taken about the same time as in England, and are certainly more suitable to a climate where there is very little night, than to our's in which the fashionable season has hardly any day. There is, as I have told you, no conversation at their parties; but a number of bats are employed, who fly from house to house with the news of the day written on their broad leather wings, which answer the purpose of our morning and evening papers perfectly well. I took some pains to discover whether they have any poets or novellists, but could only find one fragment or sketch of a romance, which is preserved with extraordinary care, as

a relick left by the first founders of this colony. I judge from its style, language, and other circumstances, that it cannot be of great antiquity; and when you have read my extract, which I annex as well as I could decypher and comprehend such a perplexed MS. you will certainly concur in my opinion, that this colony must have been transplanted from Europe much more recently than the Norwegians in 1406, or the great Briorn who emigrated before (as Swedish historians say) the three stars shone in the West.

PLAN of the ROMANCE, or HISTORICAL NOVEL.

Chapter 1. The Battle of Shrewsbury. Lord Craggycliff commands King Henry's hussars, and is slain by the wind of a bullet.

Chapter 2. King Henry IV. dines with Lady C. in Grosvenor-square, on his return from Shropshire. Ward and Frescati arrange the supper and orange-trees. Lady C. dismisses the heroine, Starchissa, her orphan protégée, because she asked Lord John of Lancaster for an ice cream.

Chapter 3. The heroine writes a sonnet to a tea-kettle in the ruins of 'Twenty-ghosts' Abbey, and sees a Knight with fair hair and large eyes carrying mouse-traps. They fall in love of course.

Chapter 4. Owen Glendower, the celebrated magician, assures Starchissa that the mouse-trap knight is Hotspur's son and heir in disguise.

Chapter 5. Sir Eglamour de Mouse-traps informs his beloved, that Lord Craggycliff's last codicil provides an annuity for his wife's protégée, and advises her to claim it.

Chapter 6. Starchissa, in her way to Doctors' Commons, sees

Prince John of Lancaster driving the Mail-Coach, and to conceal herself takes a place inside.

Chapter 7. Lord C.'s ghost appears in the shape of a Proctor, and announces that the annuity is left to Lady Craggycliff's orphan lapdog of the same name.

Chapter 8. Sir Eglamour de Mousetraps declares himself married to the Queen of Noland; and Starchissa having written an ode with a gold pencil, in a damp grotto, expires.

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I think you will consider me justified in supposing these fair-haired inhabitants of an ice-valley, *ab origine* English: especially as they have not yet lost their fondness for emigrating. At a certain period of the year, this singular atmosphere gives every object a blue tint; an operation which our natural philosophers have explained very satisfactorily as a necessary consequence of certain vapours, and nitrous particles. When this period arrives, the colony having no means of changing their abode on land, amuse themselves with a short voyage or change of scene on the back of a kraken which visits this coast; and are much gratified by their abode on it, though the floating island which its back affords is covered only with sand and sea weeds. But this monstrous fish is not without its due portion of sagacious instinct; and by means of his large suckers, draws in so great a quantity of the supplies they bring with them, that the poor travellers are compelled to return home half famished. In addition to this wandering propensity, I trace some traits of English character in their disproportioned number of lawyers and physicians. They have also a common class of thieves who resemble our's, because

they are openly educated for that avocation, and pursue it without disguise. But their prison-regulations are new, and deserve your notice as a civilian. Instead of imprisoning rogues, they only shut up honest men, that (as they profess) they may know where to find them, and prevent them from becoming thieves. This wonderfully lessens the number of prisoners, and the trouble of the police, since prevention, saith our law, is easier than cure.

All these indications of sagacity and discretion induced Professor Cacanous, my literary companion, to consider from what imperfect conformation of organs these people's want of speech could proceed. And as both science and humanity impelled him to ascertain and remedy it if possible, he procured the aid of our surgeon's mate; and having enticed one of the natives into a secure part of the long avenue which leads to their tenements, he began to examine his pericranium according to the rules of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. From the outline of the os frontis, he concluded the organ of communication was not sufficiently developed; and being a practical proficient in the science, he seized the poor native, and prepared to make an incision into his skull, intending to rectify and enlarge the cell of the brain. He was on the point of the experiment, when his patient made a violent effort to escape, and begged for mercy in very articulate English. Our surprise was great, but pleasant; and he assured us, that, according to their national institutes, they were only dumb at home. He offered to teach us their peculiar idiom; confessing, however, that they studied all languages more than their own. We should have embraced his kindness eagerly; but the captain of our ship notified that our leave of absence

was expired, and interrupted this course, and renew our acquaintance with this hospitable colony, demanding our immediate return on whose origin and traditions may board. Still, as our passage through afford us some amusement. V.
Baffin's Bay is very doubtful, we shall probably sail back by the same
(*To be Continued.*)

From the European Magazine.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

THE RUSSIAN.

(*Concluded from page 40.*)

THE third year of the supposed Iwan's imprisonment ended without detection, or any change, except in the governour himself. His visits became shorter and less frequent; his conversation vague and reserved. Alexis endeavoured to requite his former kindness by unwearied efforts to amuse him, but his pencil and flageolet obtained no regard: and his indirect request for farther aid in the studies he had begun, was almost petulantly chidden. During one of these brief and cheerless visits, Alexis said, "You have made me a musician and a painter; and if you had found talents would have raised me into a politician and a philosopher: but in one science I was a proficient without your aid."—"In what?" asked the governour, starting from a fit of gloomy abstraction.—"In physiognomy," replied Alexis, "or I should not have trusted your promise in the woodman's hut, nor your honour now, when it is so strongly assailed."—The Count's fixed eye expressed the deepest consciousness and surprise, while Alexis added, "Hear the extent of my science!—You have another prisoner in this fortress. Your secret instructions are to keep her unseen by your garrison, and to gain her confidence by every possible blandishment. Above all, you

are required to prevent Prince Iwan from discovering that the Princess Sophia, his only sister, is an inmate here."—"There are traitors in my garrison, then!" replied the governour, sternly.—"Several, my lord!—but the greatest, perhaps, is your own heart. Dare you be convinced?"

It requires great courage or great skill to undeceive self-love, and still greater courage to be undeceived. But Alexis was right when he estimated his friend's candour by his own, and expected the most difficult and generous concession. The Count gave him his hand as he answered—"You are right: the Princess Sophia was brought here six months since by the agents of her brother's enemy, who knows that her pretensions may be dangerous. But though I no longer love the empress, I am her faithful officer, and I demand the source of your information. Shew me the errors of my judgment, and it will be no pain to correct them."

Alexis smiled as he pointed to a curtained recess in his prison, and requested Demetrius to conceal himself behind it. After a very short interval of profound silence, the door of which Demetrius believed he possessed the only master key was gently opened, and a female entered muffled in a long dark cloak, and disguised by a mask exactly resembling Alexis, who met his visitor with a gracious air.

—“Ah, prince!” said a most enchanting voice, “how strange that misery should have so few friends! I have tried all the influence of smiles and flattery on your goaler, but he will not connive at your escape. Let us have patience, however, and his blind zeal will defeat itself. For your sake I act the part of a captive princess, and in due time he shall find I can rescue a prince.”—“For what purpose,” replied Alexis, “do you cover your fair face with an imitation of one so inferior?”—“Speak low and listen! Menzikoff, your adherent, comes to-night with a troop of horse to surprise the fortress. This cloak and vest, exactly resembling yours, and this waxen mask laid skilfully on your pillow, will deceive the governor when he looks in at midnight; and now while the bribed sentinel keeps watch, we can escape together.”—“Not to-night, woman!” exclaimed Alexis, suddenly winding his hand in her long black hair—“the count has had his sealed instructions, and you have your’s. You are no princess, no friend of the House of Mechlenberg; your trade is a courtesan’s—you came here a spy and a betrayer, deputed to ensnare the governor by claiming his compassion as an injured prisoner.”

The beautiful culprit fell on her knees—“Pardon me, prince!—I never hoped to deceive you by personating your sister, for I knew you could not fail, when you saw me, to detect the difference in our persons. But believe me, I am not so guilty as to be without remorse. I was sent here by the empress, who suspects Demetrius—I came with the escort of a state prisoner, and he believes me an unfortunate princess whom he ought to respect and console.”—“And you, wretch!” interrupted Alexis, “you design to throw him on a scaffold by contriving my escape.”—“No, I swear!

—had he been ready to gain what he believed the favour of a princess, or proud of his power to insult a prisoner, I should have ruined him without regret, and laughed at the easiness of the task. But his faith has been so loyal, and his trust in me so generous, that I have resolved to save you both. I have been often loved, but never respected before, and it has taught me to respect myself.” Then freeing her hair from the failing grasp of Alexis, she threw open his prison-door and fled towards the outlet, where means of escape were well-provided. But Alexis disdained to follow a woman who would have known him to be an impostor if she had not been one herself.

During this strange conference, the governor departed from the curtained recess through a door known only to himself, and assembling his most faithful officers, gave strict and skilful orders to guard every point of the fortress. A chosen troop was detached to watch the subterranean entrance; and before these precautions were completed, they were justified by Menzikoff’s approach. He came at the head of a well-armed battalion, and demanded his prince, Iwan of Mechlenbergh. The governor paused in complicated agonies. His secret orders from the empress contained a warrant for Iwan’s instant execution, if a rescue should be attempted. He could not disobey these orders without forfeiting his own life, nor execute them unless he sacrificed his preserver. Only one expedient remained—he might release the supposed Iwan through a secret gate, and perish himself in defending the fortress. Thus, at least, he could die unstained with murder, and unsuspected of treason: and he hastily descended towards the prison-vaults to bid Alexis farewell. A man standing at their entrance sprang

forward to meet him. It was Iwan himself!—"Demetrius!" he exclaimed, "I know it all. Take back your prisoner—you have been a generous enemy, and your life shall not be endangered. The innocent must not perish in my stead."—Surprise, gratitude, and anguish, rendered the Count dumb, but only for an instant—"None shall perish!" he suddenly replied—"a blessed thought visits me—" and rushing into the prison-chamber, he seized the vest, cloak, and waxen mask brought to represent Iwan. A soldier killed by a random musket-shot lay on the ramparts. Favoured by the darkness of the night, the governour wrapped him in the royal mantle, and covered his face with the beautiful mask and glossy ringlets attached to it. Then summoning his guards, and waving a signal-flag on the turret—"Menzi-koff!" he said, through a trumpet—"behold your prince!"—The bleeding body and lifeless face were exposed to the assembly; and Menzi-koff, believing his treacherous purpose fulfilled, dismissed the troop whose assault had furnished a pretext for Iwan's death. The garrison reposed on their arms, and the governour returned once more to his private chamber, where the prince awaited him. "Prince!—your life is saved, and my task here is finished. You are my prisoner only till to-morrow, when I shall have resigned all the offices and honours bestowed on me by a sovereign I have served too long. I only ask you to accompany me from this fortress, and to promise peace

with the empress, whom I will not betray, though she has not recompensed me."

"Russia will never hear of my existence," replied Iwan, "a monk's cowl sits easier than a crown: but you shall not depart unrecompensed. My sister, the true princess of Mechlenbergh, is in this fortress. Her bold and generous spirit tempted her to aid your Cossack in contriving my escape, and she has been my representative too long. Her danger determined me to return; for I knew the purport of your secret orders. The lovely and deceitful minion sent to allure you, is an impostor; and you will find my sister in Alexis."

The sequel requires few words. Before the lapse of another day, the governour of Schlüsselburgh surrendered all his appointments, and with only his own small wealth, retired under a feigned name to Italy. There he received the sister of Iwan, and his blessing as a brother and a priest, at the altar of a monastery, where the prince ended his days in peace and obscurity. Demetrius spent a longer and more useful life with the Princess Sophia, whom he loved to call Alexia, while she delighted in remembering by what gentle devices his affection had been fixed on her in the simple forrester's garb she had first assumed to aid her brother. She lived to hear him confess of what courage, fidelity, and self-sacrifice a woman may be capable, and to discover that men have few faults which cannot be ameliorated by her influence.

V.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

From the European Magazine, for Sep. 1818.

OF the three great fairs which one remaining. May fair, (which were annually held in this metropolis, Bartholomew is the only wark, or Lady Fair, have been sup-

pressed a considerable time; and the sooner that, which is the object our present notice, is consigned to the same oblivion, the greater will be the satisfaction of all peaceable and well-disposed members of society. It has undeniably been proved, that its existence is the bane of many, and that more serious evils have arisen during the three days allotted to it, from improper connexions, than the whole year together.

Entick in his *History of London* gives the following account of its origion:—"King Henry II. granted to the priory of *St. Bartholomew* the privilege of a fair, to be kept here yearly at *Bartholomewtide* for three days; viz. the eve, the day, and the morrow; to which the clothiers of *England* and drapers of *London* repaired, and had their booths and standings within the Church-yard of this priory, closed in with walls and gates, locked every night and watched, for the safety of men's goods and wares. A Court of *Piepowder* was daily during the fair holden for debts and contracts.

"The fair kept here, instead of three days, was at length prolonged to a fortnight, and became of little other use than for idle youth and loose people to resort to, and to spend their money in vanity, and (which was worse), in debaucheries, drunkenness, whoredom, and in seeing and hearing things not fit for Christian eyes and ears; many of the houses and booths here serving only to allure men and women to such purposes of impiety. Therefore, the magistracy often intending, last fully resolved, in the year 1708, to reduce the fair to that space of time only according to which it was at first granted, that is to three days; and accordingly an order was made: and at a Court of Common Council in *June* the said year, the order was confirmed; whereby the fair was to be kept for three

days only, for selling of merchandises, according to the original grant from the crown, which regulation, though it has been sometimes broke, the chief magistrate of late years has strictly observed."

How very materially the purposes of its institution have been altered in the process of time, will appear from the following account given by Stowe:—"Hereabouts and in Smithfield at Bartholomew Tide, is the ancient fair kept that borrows its name thence, Bartholomew Fair; although, by the original grant, it ought to be kept but three days, yet, for many years, it was kept 14 days, rather connived at than allowed, for the sake of the benefit that accrues from it. Each that hath a booth there, paying so much a foot every day during the three first days. It was most considerable for the sale of cloths, stuffs, pewter, and live cattle, but now is only used in recreation; viz. to see drolls, farces, rope-dancing, feats of activity, wonderful and monstrous creatures, wild beasts made tame, giants, dwarfs, &c. &c."

In 1694, owing to the frequent remonstrances of the corporation, arising from no limited time being stated in the charter of King Charles I. and which afforded a pretext for its continuation to 14 days, a proclamation was issued in the *Gazette* by order of the Lord Mayor and a Court of Aldermen, giving notice that it will be kept for three days only. This, however, appears to have been ineffectual; for three years after the grand jury of the City of London represented the fair as a nuisance, and complained of its being extended beyond three days, and permitting obscene plays and interludes. In 1708, the Court of Common Council prayed that it might be limited to three days: and in 1735, the Court of Aldermen resolved that it should only be held three days; viz. the

23d, 24th, and 25th August, and that only stalls and booths be erected for the sale of goods, &c. usually sold in fairs, and no acting to be permitted.

In 1750, a petition was presented by above an hundred graziers, salesmen, &c. against erecting booths for exhibiting shows during the fair, "as not only annoying the graziers and salesmen, and disturbing the inhabitants in the exercise of their callings, but giving the profligate and abandoned of both sexes, opportunity to debauch the innocent, defraud the unwary, and endanger the publick peace." That this is a true character of this scene of riot and misrule, at the present day, must be admitted, notwithstanding the exertions of the city to regulate it; one thing, however, might be done; it might still be shortened, for it now continues four days; viz. the eve. Bartholomew's day, and the two days following, although the original grant and subsequent

charters limit it to the "eve, the day, and the next morrow."

It would form matter of astonishment to many of our readers, as well as regret, were it possible to trace the numerous evils arising from this annual absurdity, for such it has at length become. It is undoubtedly the greatest scene of depravity in state of recreation to be found any where. Could its influence die with it, animadversion would be unnecessary; but the many youths that have been entrapped into the worst of company, and the servants of families who have been seduced and ruined, call loudly for the extinction of an institution which, though reported to be of great advantage to the city, by the rent of the standings, is nevertheless too fatal to the morality of a great class of society to be encouraged. Let us hope, that like its former contemporaries, it will one day, (and that shortly), be suffered to sleep in the same oblivion. K.

HISTORICAL AND SELECT ANECDOTES.

From La Belle Assemblée for October 1818.

ANECDOTE OF THE MARQUIS DE SOUVRE.

LOUIS XV. was strongly suspected, during the time of the scarcity of bread in his kingdom, to have been at the head of a corn speculation. A little time before the death of the Marchioness de Pompadour, the mob followed the King's carriage with the reiterated and distressing cries of—"Bread, Sire, bread!"—The guard was unable to quell the tumult, and the King returned to Versailles, stung to the quick. A creature of Madame de Pompadour, seeing the distress of the King, broke silence, and told his Majesty he was very much surprised at the want of reason as well as justice in the people, in their cries for

bread, when they were seated on immense heaps of wheat in the market-place, and that bread was at a very moderate price indeed.

The Marquis de Souvre, shocked at such a violation of truth, took his gloves and his hat, and seemed in a violent hurry to get to the door.—"Where are you going in such haste?" said the King.—"Sire," replied Souvre, "if you will permit me, I am going to hang my scoundrel of a *maître d'hôtel*, who makes me pay double the price for bread that this *honest* man tells you it is sold at."

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

ABOUT two hours previous to the ever-memorable battle of Bridge-

water, news had arrived in the camp of the 9th American regiment, that the British were advancing. A number of the officers of the 9th, among whom were Captain Hull, Lieutenants Turner and Burgett, and Captain David Perry, had assembled together in a little squad; were chatting in a friendly and jocular manner, and were commenting upon the news they had heard of the approach of the enemy. One of the company observed—"Well, we shall have warm work to-day: some of us shall be killed—who shall they be?"—Another, in the same tone of jocularly, replied, "Captain Hull," and held up his hand. The company all joined in holding up their hands, and Captain Hull amongst the rest. "Who next?" rejoined another; "Lieutenant Turner," was the reply, and the vote taken in like manner.—"Well, but there must be more than two—who next?" was asked—"Lieutenant Burgett," was the reply, and carried by a similar vote.—"We want a representative in the British camp—who shall be our representative? who shall be taken prisoner?"—All eyes were immediately turned to Captain Perry; who being quite in his *déshabille*, had excited some raillery.—"Captain Perry shall be our representative," was the unanimous reply, and unanimous vote. Captain Perry immediately retired, and in a few minutes returned shaved and cleanly dressed; and, in a jocular tone, asked whether he now made an appearance suitable for their representative? The order for forming the line of battle came: the different gentlemen repaired to their different posts. The dreadful conflict commenced. The first officer that fell in the 9th regiment was Captain Hull, fighting at the head of his company; the second, Lieutenant Turner; the third, Lieutenant Burgett; whilst Captain Perry, as

if fully to complete the previous prediction, was taken prisoner by the enemy, and carried captive into the British camp! So striking a coincidence of circumstances rarely occurs; and these incidents have frequently been the subject of conversation and remark among the American officers, since the battle of Bridgewater.

ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO HEYLIN.

Soon after the celebrated Heylin had published his *Geography of the World*, he accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with a gentleman who lived on the New Forest, Hampshire, with directions where his servant should meet him to conduct him thither. As soon as he was joined by the gentleman's servant they struck off into the thick part of the forest; and after riding for a considerable time, Mr. Heylin asked if that was the right road? and to his great astonishment received for answer that the conductor did not know, but he had heard there was a very near cut to his master's house through the thicket; and he certainly thought, as Mr. Heylin had written the *Geography of the World*, that such a road could not have been unknown to him!

ANECDOTE OF THE LAWFUL KING OF SWEDEN.

THE susceptible heart of this unfortunate monarch lately fell into the chains of a banker's fair daughter, whose friends were not quite pleased with the nature of his Majesty's attention, and his proposal of a marriage with the left hand by no means satisfied them. The Count Gottorp, however, valiantly persisted in his overtures, and at last procured the opportunity of indulging his chivalrous propensities in a single combat with his fair one's uncle. The impression of the banker's daughter was not easily effaced. Caroline used to appear

to him in visions in various attitudes and shapes — sometimes strangely confounded in appearance with a Princess of Mecklenburg, with whom his Majesty had once been on the point of marriage. One day the disconsolate lover, partly on the strength of an invitation to England from the Prince Regent, took a resolution to depart. The hour arrived, the post-horses were at the door, and the royal lover ready to step into the carriage, when Caroline's little lap-dog, which had always before been rather shy of his Majesty's caresses, presented itself at the coach door, and laid hold of his coat. This had too much the air of an embassy from his relenting fair one, not to melt at once the King's feeble resolution. The Prince Regent's invitation was forgotten, the post-horses sent away, and the monarch returned to his pursuit, with his courage renovated by the lap-dog's caresses.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF MR. DAY,
THE AUTHOR OF "SANDFORD
AND MERTON."

MR. DAY, in his youth, had cherished some eccentric and visionary ideas in regard to a female partner for life: he had, in the first place, resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotick philosophy, in order that she might be his companion in retirement, and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. At the same time he resolved that she should be as simple as a mountain girl in her dress, her diet, and her manners: yet intrepid and heroick as the Spartan and Roman dames of old. As it was impossible to find such a female ready made, he must get some infant and mould it according to his romantick fancy.

Mr. Bicknell, a barrister of considerable practice and unimpeacha-

ble moral character, was an intimate friend of Mr. Day's, of whose untainted reputation credentials were procured; and furnished with them, these two friends departed for Shrewsbury, to explore the hospital there for female foundlings. Mr. Day selected two beautiful little girls, twelve years of age each; one of them was fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes; to her he gave the name of Lucretia: the other was a clear brunette with dark eyes, more ruddy, and her hair of a bright chesnut; her he called Sabrina.

Mr. Bicknell being much older than his friend, he became guarantee to see the written conditions performed under which the girls were obtained, and which were as follows:—that Mr. Day should resign them to the protection of some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to each to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married or began business for herself. On either of these events he promised to advance four hundred more; but he avowed his intention of educating one of them with a view of making one his wife. Solemnly engaged himself never to betray their virtue, and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain them decently with some creditable family till they married; when he promised each five hundred pounds as her wedding portion. Mr. Day then went to France with these girls, not taking an English servant, being resolved they should receive no ideas but what he chose to impart.

They teized him, they quarrelled and fought incessantly; they caught the small-pox, and chained him to their bedside by crying and screaming, if they were left a moment with any one who could not speak English. They lost, however, no beauty by their disease; but as he crossed the Rhone with his wards

after their recovery, the boat over-set. Being an excellent swimmer he saved them both.

In eight months Mr. Day returned to England. Sabrina was his favourite, and he placed Lucretia with a chamber milliner; she became the wife of a respectable linen-draper, and Sabrina was intrusted to the care of Mr. Bicknell's mother.

In the year 1770, Mr. Day introduced the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, to the celebrated Dr. Darwin, at Litchfield; and taking a twelvemonth's possession of his pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, he prepared to implant in her young mind the principles and virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments did not succeed. When he dropped melting sealing wax on her arms, she did not endure the pain heroically, nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed charged with balls, could she suppress her screams: when he tried her fidelity in secret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himself which, if known, would produce yet greater danger, he has more than once detected her telling them to the servants or her play-fellows.

After several fruitless trials, Mr. Day renounced all hopes of mould-

dering Sabrina into the being that his imagination had formed; and ceasing to behold in her his future wife, he placed her at a boarding-school in Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. When she left school he allowed her fifty pounds per annum. Beautiful, and universally admired, she passed the dangerous interval from sixteen to twenty-five, without reproach, and in her twentieth year married Mr. Bicknell, the friend of Mr. Day. After she became a widow she ended her days in the house of the good Dr. Burney.

Mr. Day found, at last, amongst the class of women he dreaded (fashionable women), a heart whose tenderness for him supplied all the requisites of those high flown expectations his enthusiastick fancy had formed.

His favourite system was that horses were only unruly and disobedient from the ill usage of man. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal, and disdaining to employ a horse-breaker, he would use it to the bit and burthen himself: he was a bad horseman, and the animal disliking his new situation, plunged, threw his master, and with his heels struck him on the head a fatal blow. Mrs. Day survived her adored husband only two years.

VARIETIES.

From the Literary Gazette.

—ANECDOTE.—A German manufacturer of translations, says, in his translation of the article Charles I. (from the French Dictionnaire Biographique) "The anniversary of the death of Charles the First is still observed in England by a young general!" (In the French it stands, *Par un jeune général*; by a general feast.) This is a pret-

ty fair counterpart to the blunder of a certain "Doer into English" of a French work on Chemistry, who translated "*La précipitation per se*," *The Persian precipitate!!*

—*Avalanches of the Great St. Bernard.*

A frightful avalanche on the 18th Dec. 1816, buried two domesticks of the hospital, and four men of

the town of St. Pierre, without a possibility of relief. To heighten the misfortune, all the dogs were buried under the snows. There remains at the Convent only one of these courageous animals, so long the hope of the traveller—their race is extinct. It will require a long time and much attention to train new ones.

EPITAPHS.

Epitaph from the Greek.

Pillars of death ! carv'd syrens' tearful urns !
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To him that near my tomb his footsteps turns,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail ! and say a
maid

Rests in her bloom below ; her Sire the name
Of Myrtis gave ; her birth and lineage high :
And say her bosom friend Erinna came,
And on the marble graved her elegy.

From the Modern Greek.

On a Tomb in the Island of Zante.

The Maid who in this grave is sleeping,
Has left her young companions weeping ;
And thoughts of her have plunged in sadness
Hearts to whom they once gave gladness !
Lovely in form—in mind excelling—
A spirit pure in heavenly dwelling.
She died—and we again shall never
See one like her—now lost forever

From the Welsh.

The grave of a beautiful warrior, by whose
hand
Fell many a combatant,
Ere he became silent.
Beneath this stone,
Llaehan, the son of Rhun,
Is in the vale of Cain.

From the same.

To whom belongs the square grave,
With the four stately stones at its corners ?
It is the tomb of Madock.—THE FIERCE
KNIGHT.

On a Tomb-stone in an Irish country Church-yard.

A little Spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear.
Oh ! he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day—its dream by night !
The chill winds came—the young flower faded,
And died ;—the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair Boy ! thou should'st have wept for me,
Nor I have had to mourn o'er thee :
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be.—
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear sad sacred ground,

When spring-gales next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

Inscription on a Stone in the English Burying-ground at Bordeaux.

There was a sweet and nameless grace,
That wander'd o'er her lovely face ;
And from her pensive eye of blue,
Was magick in the glance which flew.
Her hair of soft and gloomy shade,
In rich luxuriance curling stray'd ;
But when she spoke, or when she sung,
Enchantment on her accents hung.
Where is she now ?—where all must be—
Sunk in the grave's obscurity.
Yet never—never slumber'd there
A mind more pure—a form more fair !

In a Church-yard in Northumberland.

The world has long since wearied me,
And now, my appointed task is done,
Parting it without enmity,
I'll take my staff, and journey on.

Epitaph on Himself.

BY THE CHEVALIER BOUFFLERS.

Ci git un Chevalier, qui sans cesse court,
Qui, sur les grands chemins naquit, vecut,
mourut.
Pour prouver ce qu'a dit le sage,
Que notre vie est un voyage.

TRANSLATION.

Here slumbers one, who rests till now ne'er
tried ;
Born on the great road—there he lived and
died,
More to prove the wisdom of the sage,
Who said that life was but a pilgrimage.

From the same.

He whose grave is on this cliff,
His hand was the foe of many ;
His name shall sleep in peace.
Mercy be to him !

From the French.

On a Tomb-stone in Autergne.

Marie was the only child of her mother,
“ And she was a widow.”
Marie sleeps in this grave—
And the widow has now no child.

From the French, in the Burying-ground of Mont-Louis, in Paris.

Mother—sweet Mother, thou canst never
know
That yearly thus I deck thy mossy bed
With the first roses of the Spring that blow,
And tears of fond affection shed.
Mother—sweet Mother, tho' I knew thee not,
I feel that one I love is buried here :
And tho' this grave by others is forgot,
To me it shall thro' life be dear—most
dear.

POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

By the Etrick Shepherd.

THE flag wav'd o'er the castle wall,
The hind came liting o'er the lea;
Loud joy rang thro' the lighted ha'
An ilka ane was blythe but me;
For, ah! my heart had tint its glee,
Altho' the wars had worn away;
The breast that us'd my stay to be
Was lyin' cauld in foreign clay.

I lookit east, I lookit west,
I saw the darksome coming even;
The wild bird had its cozy nest,
The kid was to the hamlet driven;
But house nor hame, aneath the heaven,
Except the sheugh of greenwood tree;
O that was a' the comfort given
To my three little bairns an' me.

I had a pray'r I cou'd na' say—
I had a vow I dough na breathe—
For aye they led my words astray—
An' aye they wer' connectet baith
Wi' ane wha now was cauld in death.
I lookit round wi' wat'ry e'e—
Hope was na there—but I was laith
To see my little babies dee.

Just as the breeze the aspen stirr'd,
And bore aslant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonny bird
Singing amid the air so blue;
It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery;
It was of ane my woes that knew,
And some kind heart that car'd for me.

O sweet as breaks the rising day,
Or sunbeams thro' the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the cheering lay—
Was it an angel pour'd the strain?
Wha kens a yearning mother's pain,
Bent e'er the child upon her knee!
O mine will bless, and bless again
The generous hearts that car'd for me.

A cot was rear'd by Mercy's hand
Amid the Grampian wilderness;
It rose as if by magick wand,
A shelter to forlorn distress!
An' weel I ken that Heaven will bless
The hearts that issue the decree—
The widow and the fatherless
Can never pray and slighted be.

A FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

FROM "CHILDE PADDIE."

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,
As modern men and women are,

In matrimony, not in mind,
A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, French lace—
The smartest carriages in town;
With title, pin-money, and place,
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time, by Sims's art,
The wish'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next, to glad her heart—
Dorinda had no more.

Now education's care employs
Dorinda's brain—but, ah! the curse—
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise,
Go! take them to the nurse!

The lovely babes improve a pace,
By dear Ma'mselle's prodigious care,
Miss gabbles French—with pert grimace,
And Master learns to swear.

Sweet innocents! the servants cry;
So natural he, and she so wild:
Laud, nurse! do humour 'em—for why?
'Twere sin to snub a child.

Time runs—bless me! Dorinda cries,
How monstrously the child is grown!
She has more meaning in her eyes
Than half the girls in town.

Now teachers throng: Miss dances, sings,
Learns every art beneath the sun:
Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things,
Without a taste for one.

Lap-dogs and parrots; paints, good lack!
Which makes e'vn venerable West quite
jealous:
Writes rebuses, and has her clack
Of small talk for the fellows.

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,
Reads the *Six Weeks*, and *Little*, too!
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
E'vn dictates in *vertu*.

Ma'mselle to Miss's hand conveys
A *billet doux*—she's *très commode*;
The fortune-hunter's in the chaise,
They scour the northern road.

Away to Gretna Green they post,
Miss there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolick over, to her cost,
Miss is—a wretch for life!